

THE TRUE  
*Scot's-Man's* Lamentation

With an ACROSTICK,

To the Tune of, Bonny Portmore.

A H Scotland! Poor Scotland! what wilt thou now say?  
 Revilings, Exillings are threatned this Day,  
 Great are the Contentions, and mighty the Spite,  
 You find Ill Men purposing, with Heart and Might.  
 Look now into *England*, and there you will see  
 Examples of Treacherous Barbarity.

Lo! there is removed from Employments all,  
 O! That Prince of great Courage, his Grace brave *Argyle*,  
 Rebellion in *Scotland*, he soon did suppress,  
 Despising all Dangers, but ah! now alas!

Sad Treatment he's got, for maintaining his Men,  
 And that marvellous Action, the Field of *Dumblain*.  
 Vast Plots were against him, that well I may say.  
 Even to Lose or Affront him, you sent him away.

But I doubt if Great *Marlborough*, that General he,  
 Wou'd have ventur'd a Battle, ten Thousand with three!

There is just now a Faction, who are our Great Foes,  
 They call them *SQUADRONE*, as I do suppose,  
 They are of a Party, who fully design  
 Against this poor Nation to Plot and Combine.

There are some of these *Monteiths*, to our great Disgrace,  
 Of *Scots* Education, and a *Scotish* Race.  
 'Twould certainly weary ye, should I relate,  
 Their Barbarous Actions before and of late.

When they were Assembled, in the Parliament,  
 Being brib'd, they Voted, all with one Consent,  
 That the best Part of *Scotland*, disarmed should be,  
 And even those Places which behaved valiantly.

But the Day is a coming, when that Infamous Set,  
 The Reward of their Lying, and Malice shall get,  
 When *Argyle*, like good *Mordecai*, raised shall be,  
 And his Foes, like base *Haman*, on a Gallows so high.

F I N I S.